

# The King of Hearts.

written  
by Auth.

Mainwaring

or the  
Earl of  
Warring  
ton.

I Sing the Man that rais'd a Shirtless Band,  
Of Northern Rabble, when the Prince did land,  
A sniv'ling Hero, with a Wesel-face,  
And features which an Eunuch would disgrace :  
Of a dark Spirit, turbulent and proud,  
Rude to Superiours, fawning to the Crowd :  
Prompt to revenge, and Treacherously base,  
Plotting when private, blust'ring when in place.  
Too weak to hurt, yet ever working ill,  
Harmless in Action, mischievous in Will ;  
Stiff for Religion, which he ne'r profess;  
A modish Zealot, with bad morals blest,  
Leudly prophane, and wicked like the rest ;  
Tainted i'th Womb, and Born with mortal Hare,  
To the Establish'd Forms in Church and State:  
The Youth was train'd in a Fanatick Club,  
And heard a Blockhead bellow in a Tub.  
In riper years the great Achitophel,  
With all the Learning he received from Hell,  
Refin'd the hot-brain'd Lout, and taught him to Rebell.  
He studied Anarchy, and Common-Weal,  
And learn'd to varnish Wickedness with Zeal ;  
In Treason too he wondrous progress made,  
And once his Secret Labours were betray'd ;  
But halting Justice came too late that time  
For want of Evidence, but not of Crime :  
Witness the late Rehearsal that was made  
When a chief Actor the whole Scene display'd,  
Witness what since the Chitt himself has said.  
Like mad St. Asaph — Wonders he foretells,  
And in the Art of Pdmistry excells.  
With frantick Gestures, and a dismal meen  
The Wretch discouraging to himself is teen.  
His boding Looks a Mind distracted shew,  
And Envy sits ingrav'd upon his Brow.  
A restless Male-content, even when prefer'd,  
He leaves the Court, and mingles with the Herd :  
Flutt'ring and vain he seeks their wild Applause,  
And heads them in defiance of the Laws ;  
Harangues the Gaping Mobile aloud,  
And plays the Merry Andrew of the Crowd ;  
He tells them his Estate is pawn'd and spent  
In waging War against the Government.  
In the great Council he their Cause promotes,  
The Patron of their perjur'd Darling O-----s.  
When Weavers with united Fury went  
To affront the Court, and dare the Parliament ;  
He their great Guardian, in the crowded Street,  
That medley Tribe of Mutineers did greet.

Great *TOM*'s Leige People thus he makes his own,  
And undermines that Captains, envied Throne ;  
His Sacred Rights this Upstart does Prophane,  
Rivals his Greatness and disturbs his Reign.

How did this *Alien* his strong Realm invade,  
When in the Progress which he lately made,  
Disloyal City Mob undue Attendance paid.  
Methinks I see him bowing at the Head  
Of those that through the wond'ring *Strand* he led  
With pains and charge he did that ~~regain~~ gain,  
Nor was the Service of his Kindred vain,  
Their Int'rest and his *Man's* made up the Scoundrel Train,  
Huzzaing Crowds flockt to him in all parts,  
Which made his *Sister* name him K---g of H---s.  
They kiss'd his proffer'd, Hand and Worship paid  
To that dull Clalf which they an Idol made ;  
Wishing the *Juncto* which at *London* Sate,  
Had made him *Ruler* of the new form'd State,  
And cry'd Ware-King, if e're he dooms thy Fate.  
How goodly was the Show ! to see Him train  
That Country Rabble where himself does reign.  
Like those that lately rul'd this plunder'd Town ;  
Such Officers, Such Discipline was shewn :  
Yet their great Chief whate're his *Man* endure  
Like a wise Captain does ~~him~~ himself Secure,  
But this poor Fool did ill his life defend,  
Scarr'd with the Javelin of his Rake-Iell Friend.

This part he acted on his rural Stage,  
The great Buffoon and Harlequin o'th Age,  
When he return'd his Subjects did attend  
Their Sneaking Monarch to his Journeys end ;  
And in the Front two lobcock Earl did ride  
With nobler Rabble by his meager side.

Go on, vain man, and Grow in infamy ;  
Let Crimes immortalize thy memory.  
Long live the Ballads that extol thy Fame ;  
May unborn Mobile adore thy Name,  
And thee the Founder of their Kingdom claim.  
Still make such Speeches as you've ~~one~~ of late ;  
Still set the Crowd above the Magistrate :  
Let head-strong malice, unrestrain'd by shame,  
Prompt thee again the Clergy to defame ;  
Presume some other Patriots Case to draw,  
Write more false English to make Treason Law :  
The faults of *Atk*—— and the Scribing Tribe,  
Do thou their great Tautologist transcribe,  
To show thy Judgment, let thy work be stol'n  
From the worst Books, the present Age has known :  
Print Lyes, disprov'd in *Nalfons* History,  
To wound the Martyrs sacred memory.  
Damn all his Royal Kindred in their Turns,  
Rake their Dread Ashes, and disturb their Urns.

Against your Neighbours brandish still your Tongue,  
 And turn once more Informer to the Throng :  
 You'll injure no mans Honour but your own,  
 Their Deeds are blameless and their Worth is known ;  
 But thy Exploits make thee the publick sport,  
 Scorn'd by all Parties, Pist upon at Court.  
 His Name what mortal can forbear to brand ?  
 Who disobey'd his Prince's first Command,  
 And stubbornly refused his Whisk-tails to disband :  
 Who with officious Forwardness, Unsent  
 Carried K--- J--- his final Complement.  
 To him whom now you with regret obey,  
 If e're distress'd such Duty you will pay :  
 Or if you fall into deserv'd disgrace,  
 And once are kickt from dear Exchequer-place :  
 You then will Rise even at a French Alarm,  
 And for Revenge, and new preferment Arm :  
 ' Yet don't a Letter to thy Tennants write,  
 Nor urge them for thy Interest to fight.  
 ' Mourn not past freedom, nor lost Property,  
 ' Nor say Religion lyes in Jeopardy.  
 ' That Providence will leave them in the lurch,  
 ' Since Miracles are ceased in the Church, &c.  
 Left one of them should publish a Reply,  
 Divulge your Nonsense, answer every Lye,  
 And your weak Chain of Calumnies untie :  
 Your breach of Faith to those that serv'd you last,  
 Will all your future gay pretences blast.  
 You promis'd to solicit full as hard,  
 To get for Them as for your self Reward :  
 Yet you, when Treachery had won the Day,  
 Dismiss'd the wearied Herd without their pay,  
 And, like a Savage Lyon, bore away the Prey.  
 You promis'd with those Men to fall or stand,  
 Who lye unburied in a barren Land,  
 To feed wild Dogs under his Conduct gone,  
 Who was a Traitor ripe in Forty one.  
 In vain you'll think to Rendezvous again,  
 And have a fresh supply of Ready-men ;  
 No Scrubs ill-arm'd will mount unsaddled Steeds,  
 Nor back the Ancient Colts their Forrest breeds.  
 Straw-Boots no more shall make a warlike fight,  
 No more shall you put naked Priest to flight :  
 No bed-rid Zealots will five Guineys give,  
 No more shall you on their Collection live.  
 'Tis time your fatal Government should end,  
 Each man bewails the Death of Child or Friend,  
 And Orphans Curses all your steps attend.